

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Flavius.

Hence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke
Up and down the streets, without your signe

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What doſt thou with thy beſt Apparell on?

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What doſt thou with thy beſt Apparell on?

Mur. But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.
Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vie, with a safe
Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.

Cobl. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be our Sir, I can mend you.

Cob. Why fir, Cobble you.
Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why do'st thou leade these men about the streets?

What Conquest brings he home?

You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senselesse things:
O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,

To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue late

Be gone,
Runne to your houses, fall vpon your knees,

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poore men of your sort;

Exeunt all the Commoners.
See where their basest mettle be not mould'd,

Go you downe that way towards the Capiton,
This way will I : Disrobe the Images,
If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Behung with *Cæsars* Trophies: Ile about;

These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Cæsars* wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,

Enter Caesar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, I

Cæs. Calphurnia.
Cask, Peace ho, Cæsar speakes.

Cas. Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way,
When he doth run his course. *Antonio.*

To touch *Calphurnia*: for our Elders say,
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